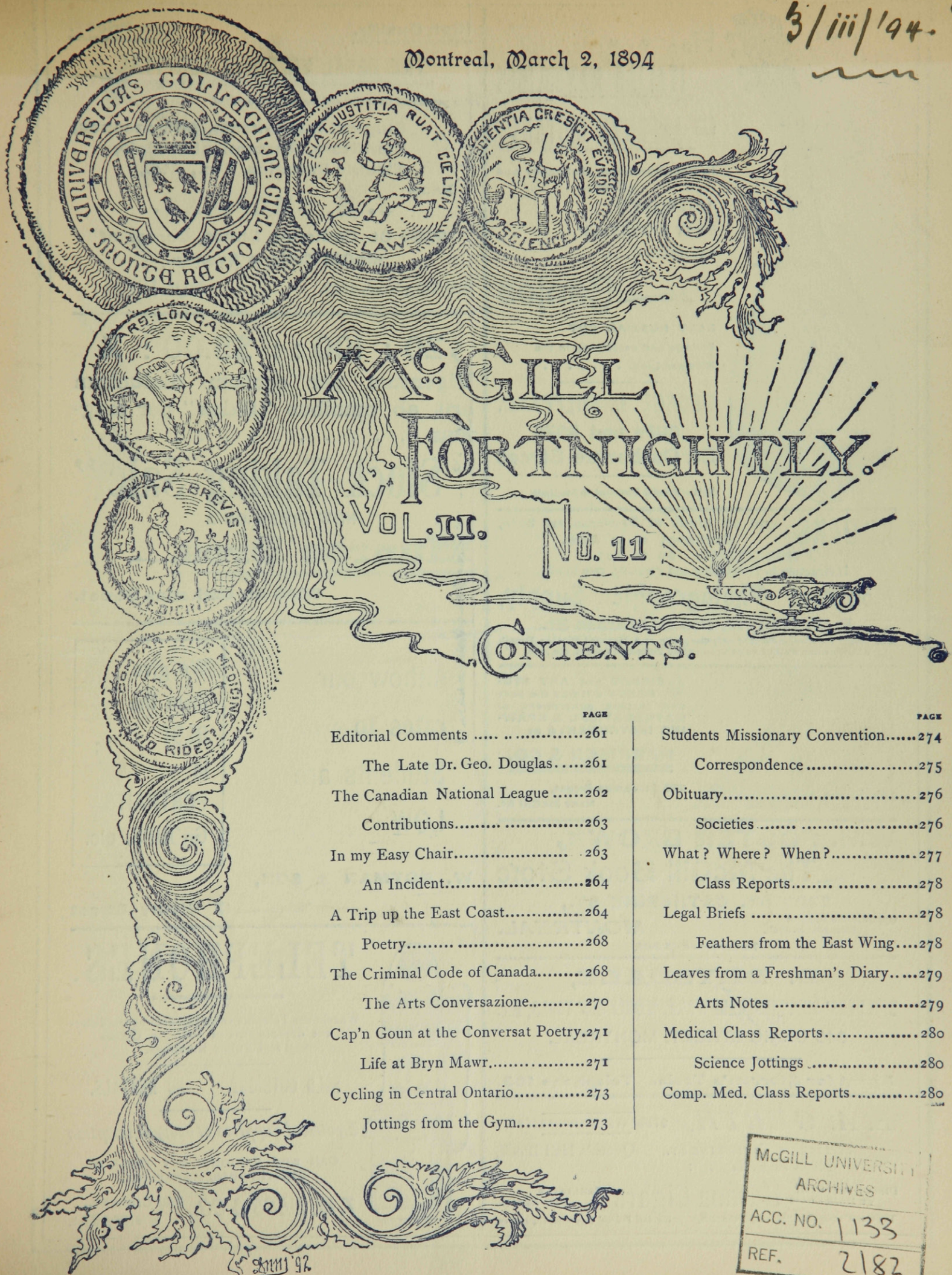
Henry M. Ami.
3/iii/94.

Montreal, March 2, 1894



McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. II. No. 11

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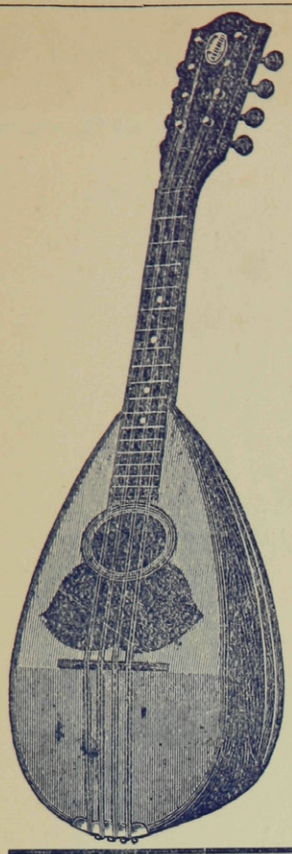

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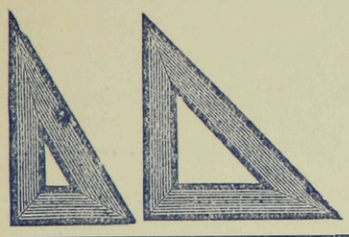

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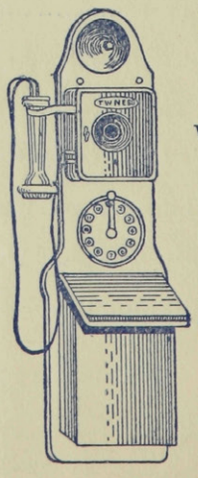

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McGILL FORTNIGHTLY

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

OL. II. MONTREAL, MARCH 2, 1894. No. 11

McGill Fortnightly.

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Before the words which express our grief at the loss we, as students of McGill and as Canadians, have sustained by the death of the late Mr. Peter Redpath were read by our subscribers, McGill had been called upon to mourn over the grave of another of its distinguished men. On Saturday, February 10th, Dr. Douglas, Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, passed away. Although his loss will naturally be most keenly felt by the Students in the College where he has laboured so long, yet every son and daughter of McGill who loves her best interests, and who has the cause of truth and right at heart, feels deeply the loss that not only our Alma Mater, but our country and race have sustained in the death of Dr. Douglas.

The Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., belonged to a family and to a district famous in Scottish story. He was born in 1825, a few miles from Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home. His family came to Montreal in 1832. Though this city did not then offer many educational advantages, young Douglas, by the indomitable pluck and energy that characterized him throughout life, obtained a fair education, and matriculated in the School of Medicine at a comparatively early age. He pursued the study of Medicine for a short time, and then circumstances took place that turned his energies into what became his life-work,—the Christian ministry. He received his theological education in London, Eng., and began his ministerial duties in 1848 as a missionary to the West Indies. During his brief sojourn there he contracted a disease which troubled him through the rest of his life, and ultimately robbed him of sight. One of the city papers says :—" The greater part of Dr. Douglas' ministerial life was spent in Montreal, and the Methodist Church of this city and outlying districts owes not a little of its prosperity to the influence of his noble name, to his splendid gifts of oratory and his great business talents. In 1870 McGill University conferred upon him the honorary title of LL.D., and in 1884 Victoria University honored him by that mark of professional eminence, the degree of Doctor in Divinity. For the last twenty-two years he has been the distinguished head of the Wesleyan Theological College in this city, which is in affiliation with McGill University. In connection with his professional duties, he accomplished labors that will furnish a new chapter in treatises on the achievements of the blind. His lectures were necessarily delivered without the aid of books or manuscripts, as his sermons also were; and yet so diligent a use had he made of his eyes, while their powers were still unimpaired, in the way of taking in impressions from external nature, as well as in deriving instruction from libraries, that it was a treat to listen to his prelections and discourses. Possessing a deep-toned voice of rare compass and melodious strength, the master of a splendid diction, a clear thinker, a powerful reasoner, endowed with an exuberant imagination—and all animated with an electrical emotionalism—Doctor Douglas may well be called a phenomenon. His genius appears to have acquired concentration, like that of Homer and Milton, by withdrawal from communion with the world of outward vision and an enforced life of contemplation. His want of external sight was compensated for by a profound insight."

Many eloquent and heartfelt tributes have been paid to the memory of Dr. Douglas, but there has been none more eloquent and more sincere than that which was paid by our own Dr. J. Clark Murray at the close

of his lecture to the class in Moral Philosophy on February 12. Though prepared for his class alone, Dr. Murray has kindly consented to let us publish it.

Dr. Murray's Tribute.

Before closing the lecture of to-day, it seems appropriate, especially in the class of Moral Philosophy, to dwell for a moment on the loss which the University has sustained since we last met, by one of the affiliated colleges being deprived of its Head. It may indeed be said with truth, that the higher intellectual and moral life of all Canada is poorer to-day by the voice of Dr. Douglas being now silent for ever. That was a voice that never uttered an uncertain sound. The clear intellectual force with which it rang always commanded respect, even when it did not secure assent. At times his words fell upon an audience like a thunderbolt, shivering to pieces the sham supports that are sometimes erected to defend a dominant wrong, and throwing a lurid light down into the abyss of iniquity, out of which such shams arise, and into which they were hurled back. In power of denunciation his language could be compared, perhaps most fitly, with that of the great masterpiece of indignant exposure,—the Provincial Letters of Pascal. There were occasions when his blows smote heavily upon individuals. Such occasions, however, were extremely rare, and they were never directed to an individual, except when he was conceived to be the embodiment of an evil principle, and the denunciation was directed so clearly against the principle involved, that one often lost sight of the individual, and felt indignation turned rather against the evil which he was supposed to represent. If he was mistaken at times, and spoke a word that was unjust to any human being, no one was capable of regretting it more sincerely than himself. Of mere personal or mere sectarian animosity, I believe, he had not a taint; and though I could not claim to be ranked among his more intimate friends, I scarcely ever came into contact with him without being struck by the singular generosity of his mind. If therefore at any time the lightning-flash of his indignation swerved aside from the object at which it was directly aimed, and left a scar upon the innocent, such a mistake was certainly due to that imperfection which is the common attribute of all human intelligence; and it shall not prevent us from honoring in grateful memory the unfaltering sincerity and the righteous power of that voice

> "That never sold the truth to serve the hour,
> Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

The whole life of Principal Douglas was full of noble lessons. Working amid great physical obstacles from paralysis of muscular vigor and of eyesight, he stood in his varied activities a living reproof to those of us who are obliged to confess with shame, that even with normal health and strength we accomplish so very little after all. The passing away of such a man cannot fail to flash into the minds of us who are left a fresh gleam of light upon the eternal purport of our existence. For most of you, in the ordinary course of nature, the final transition is likely to be an event still comparatively distant in time. But events in the life of the spirit are not indicated by the dates of earthly history, as they are not bound to localities on the surface of the earth. And therefore there are moments, such as the vanishing of a great soul beyond the limits of space and time, when these limits seem to vanish for our souls too, and with quickened spiritual perception we can almost hear the panting of the steeds of the Dawn, as they bring the Immortal Sunrise up towards the horizon of our own lives. For, in the infinite world of the spirit as in the finite world of our little earth, the solemn glories which gather on the Western heavens around the parting day are strangely like the more cheerful splendors which the rosy fingers of the Dawn sprinkle over the Eastern sky; and therefore in both worlds—the spiritual as well as the material—the daylight, fading amid the solemnities of its gloaming, sends our thoughts forward to the new daylight that is soon to gleam upon our life.

> "Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me;
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea.
> But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
> Too deep for sound or foam,
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.
>
> Twilight and evening bell,
> And after that the dark;
> And may there be no sadness of farewell
> When I embark.
> For though from out the bounds of time and place
> The tide may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar."

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

We do not think that The Fortnightly is going beyond its province as an exponent of University life and thought in referring to the work of the Canadian National League, which has been brought prominently before the public during the past week. The objects of the League are: "To advance and maintain our national unity and integrity, to disseminate a spirit of patriotism, to promote an interest in citizenship, its duties and rights, to spread a knowledge of Canadian history and resources." McGill has already produced many men who have borne a conspicuous part in the making of Canada. Her future graduates will doubtless have an equally large share in guiding its destinies. In addition, she is sending to every corner of the Dominion professional men whose potential influence as leaders of thought in their respective communities is beyond calculation. It would be difficult indeed to overestimate the power of this University, if rightly applied, in forwarding the ends which the promoters of the Canadian National League have in view.

Overburdened as we already are with college societies, there seems, nevertheless, to be room for yet another organization, designed to bring together all from among both professors and students who take an

intelligent interest in the affairs of the country. Perhaps the Literary, or some other society already established, could do something to forward the good work, by devoting an occasional evening to the discussion of subjects of national interest. The introduction of political subjects in the Literary is, no doubt, from some points of view undesirable. But possibly such an innovation might afford an excellent opportunity, not only for awakening an interest in the duties of citizenship, but also for learning to discuss without prejudice questions in the consideration of which party feeling so often gets the better of common sense.

Is it too much to hope that the day will come when the leading Canadian universities will, like Oxford, and Cambridge, and London, have direct representation in Parliament? In days when mere politicians are in danger of usurping the places which statesmen alone should occupy, the introduction of such an element into our national councils as we might look to the universities to supply could hardly fail to be of the greatest benefit to University and State alike.

The thanks of the Students are due to the Management of the Academy of Music for their kindness in allowing us to obtain tickets for the "gods" before the opening of Irving's performance on Thursday last. It was an expression of good-will on the part of the Management which was thoroughly appreciated by the Undergraduates.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

IN MY EASY CHAIR.

"I am a gleaner after Time."

On a previous occasion I have spoken of the extraordinary queries which at times are presented to me in the Library, and it may perhaps be interesting to gossip about a few more which have turned up, especially as they may serve as a peg upon which to hang a few remarks. There are a few old standards, prefaced with the inevitable "Can you tell me," such as, "What "was the good news carried from Ghent to Aix?" and "Who signed the Treaty at Versailles in 1783?" Recently these have been varied somewhat with enquiries after "Queen Anne's Fan" and the "Anstey Hat." A few days since I was startled by the enquiry, "What emperor had nine wives?" but one above all set me "a-thynkynge;" after a few words of introduction I was solemnly asked: "*What is the first thing that you remember?*"

This was of a somewhat serious character, and it presented itself to me again and again, and I resolved to endeavor to furnish some reply to it. I believe I may say that the first thing I remember worth recording here is that I saw Peter James Bossy standing in the pillory for perjury, on June 24, 1830, *the last person who suffered that punishment in England;* a little later (on August 1, 1831), I saw the opening of the *new* London Bridge by King William IV and Queen Adelaide.

As I sat thinking, and began to look back into my memory, such a throng of *recollections* came to me that I was puzzled, and scarcely knew where to begin; so I plunged into what was the beginning with me, that is, the very first things that I remember, which stand out absolutely distinct from everything else; I have been told that it was (that it is) quite impossible that I can remember them, for they happened when I was only between 5 and 6 years old, *but for all that, I saw them* and remember them. Probably the second event mentioned may be impressed on the tablets of my memory from the fact of a balloon having ascended from the centre of the bridge, and it was the first balloon ascension that I ever saw.

The next noteworthy event was the death of King William IV on June 20, 1837, and the accession of our present Queen. I saw the Queen on her first visit to the City of London on November 9, 1837, when the old form was gone through of the gate at Temple Bar being closed, and the herald knocking and asking permission for the Queen to enter her "loyal city of London." Next, I well remember the Queen's marriage on February 10, 1840 (*strangely enough, this present writing is done on the same date of this year of grace* 1894); and I saw also the last review of troops held in Hyde Park in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo, on June 18, 1840; the anniversary was kept thus for 25 years, and was then given up. On the occasion referred to, I saw the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult ride down the lines, side by side, every man who had served at Waterloo being decorated with laurel.

I remember that it was my good fortune to visit France during the year of the Revolution (1848), and I saw several members of the Provisional Government, Lamartine, Louis Blanc and others, in a great procession and at a review, and I saw also in a Museum at Boulogne a medal, struck to commemorate the invasion of England by Napoleon in 1804, which invasion, I think history tells us, never took place, but the medal bore the erroneous *impression* "FRAPPÉ À LONDRES."

The year 1851 brought the triumphant entry into London of the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth; and in November, 1852, came the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington,—both of these were sights never to be forgotten; and in 1856 I saw the fire-works and the "rejoicings" in celebration of the Treaty of Peace after the campaign in the Crimea, which was a wonderful demonstration. I have wandered far from my starting point, and I have jotted down a few other *memorabilia*, but the list I have given could be increased "*cum multis aliis qui nunc prescribere longum est.*"

H. M.

P.S.—It is said to be fashionable to save some important piece of information for a postscript, and I may be permitted to follow the fashion, by telling that I remember the Chartist Riots in London on April 10, 1848, and that I served as a special constable on that occasion, and that I still preserve amongst my *Lares et Penates* the certificate of my constableship, and I treasure the baton which I carried on that day.

H. M.

AN INCIDENT.

Having had occasion a few days ago to visit an unfamiliar part of the city, I hunted up its bearings in a directory, and armed with this knowledge set out for my destination. I proceeded as far as my somewhat indefinite information warranted me, and then, as an officer of the law approached, I drew up and hailed him.

"Good day!"

"Bon jour!"

"Can you direct me to Vitre Street?"

"Zee which?"

"Vitre, I wish to go to Vitre Street."

"Veetr! Ah! oui, donc! You see vers le fleuve zee petite—vat you call—lane? Vell, you turn off at zee coin, et bientôt you come at zee Veetr Street."

Perhaps he considered it elegant English, but he might as well have talked Hebrew, for his broken *patois* was an unintelligible jargon to me, so I thanked him and wandered on. Crossing the street a few steps farther up, I accosted a somewhat portly elderly gentleman, wearing a gold-rimmed eye-glass, kept in place by a jovial smile that proclaimed him a hearty Englishman. Adopting the pronunciation of the policeman, I said:

"I wish to reach Veetr Street. Can you tell me where it is?"

"Veetr," he said, hesitating a moment; "no, I think I have never heard that name before."

"I am sure it must be near here somewhere. Perhaps you call it *Vitre*, it is spelled V-i-t-r-e."

"Oh! *Vitree!* Why certainly, my boy; just come with me."

I turned and walked down to the next crossing with him. Taking off his eye-glass and pointing with it, he said:

"Take this street as far as Craig, turn along it till you reach St. Denis, and follow it till you come to Vitree."

I thought I could remember, and told him so with many thanks. He replaced his eye-glass and wished me good day. I lifted my hat to him and set off for Craig Street. On reaching it I found that it ran in two directions: looking one way it ran east, looking the other, west. I had not thought of that before. Which way should I turn? I knew not, and had nothing to guide me; so to avoid crossing the street I was on, I turned to the right and proceeded east. Then a new difficulty arose: How should I know St. Denis street when I reached it? The street was lighted by electricity, and all the old lamps had been taken down, together with the names which adorned them. I had now two streets to find instead of one. Here was a dilemma; I must seek information again. I summoned up a hopeful smile, and pausing in front of a man with a twinkle in his eye and a pipe in his mouth, who was leaning against a post as if he had not much on his hands but a surplus of time, I enquired:

"Do you know where Vitree Street is?"

"Does your honor think I've lived here tin years for nothing?"

"Well, then, is there such a street as *Vitree*, or *Veetr*, or *Vitre*, in this benighted city?"

"Faix, if there is, it must be kaping mighty quiet, for I've never come acrost it yet."

A woman who was standing in a doorway beside him broke in here:

"Perhaps the gentleman means *Vetray*, Michael."

I assented. What else could I do? And the man began again:

"Sure, if it's *Vetray Street* yer honor's after wanting, it's just over beyant there. You go past the soign av the three balls an turn up the little lane till you come to an ash-yard, cross it and follow the fince till you come out on a street, and the first cross one you come to is Vetray."

This was confusion worse confounded, but I forced an intelligent smile and thanked him civilly; then I hastened on, and was almost out of hearing before his "Tap o' the morning to you, sir," reached my ears. I walked on some distance, turned into the first quiet street I came to, and followed it. A boy was amusing himself at the nearest crossing shying stones at a pool in the gutter. Seizing him by the collar and scowling fiercely at him, I demanded:

"Is there such a place in this forsaken city as *Vetray*, *Vitree*, *Veetr*, *Vitre*, *V-i-t-r-e* street; answer me on your life!"

"I suppose yer wants *Vitter Street*. Well, if yer had eyes in yer head or knew yer letters, you could see it in front of yer without a pulling of me to pieces."

I looked up and just opposite me in large letters I saw printed VITRE STREET, and beside it the name of the gentleman in whose shop worked the friend for whom I was looking. Crossing over, I entered and enquired for him, only to find that he had left a few days before. I turned upon my heel without a word, left the building, and wended my way homeward, a madder if not a wiser man.

CAMBRIDGE. R. MACDOUGALL.

A HOLIDAY TRIP UP THE EAST COAST OF BRITAIN.

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight.

I am an inveterate traveller. This I admit at the outset, as it will in a large measure be my excuse for writing the following very interesting and veracious history. It is always with the best grace in the world that I shut up my books—especially text books—in order to widen my mental horizon and pursue investigations in pastures new. When therefore an opportunity was afforded me of visiting England, it was with the utmost alacrity and the highest anticipation that I undertook the journey. Was I not to see Merry England, that land so dear to us, every foot of which is stained with the blood of martyrs and of heroes, whose very stones, had they tongues, could tell us many a

legend of days gone by and many a stirring tale of dering-do! More than that, if more there could be, was I not to revel in the delights of London, that wonderful epitome of the Universe! The very thought was rapture. So eager was I that I did not in the least cool down even after I got to sea. Of the voyage I will say nothing. "The least said soonest mended." I was not sea-sick. Jerome says that nobody ever is sea-sick on land. To prevent mistakes, therefore, I repeat I was not sea-sick. Nevertheless, I was relieved when the look-out man announced, one night at ten o'clock, the Bishop light on the Scilly Islands. Next morning at day-break we were approaching the Lizard. A kaleidoscopic view of varied interest lay around us. To the left was the lofty coast of Cornwall and Devonshire, Land's End disappearing in the distance like the spires of some mighty serpent. Before us lay the Channel which, for once at least in its history, was as calm as a millpond. The scene was ever changing, for on all sides were ships of all shapes and sizes and pretentions to respectability, from the tiny fishing-smack, with its brown-tanned sails, to the stately P. and O. steamer bound for Bombay. Sailing-vessels one mass of snowy canvas were slowly making for the adjacent port of Falmouth, pursued by harpy-like tugs hoping to make an honest penny in case the wind should drop. Dirty little coasters and oil-tanks for Philadelphia made up a scene replete with life and energy. It was not like visiting an Old World; it was like discovering a New. To put it in the words of Keats:

> "Then felt I as some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

The Lizard is a bold promontory jutting into the sea, on top of which is a coast-guard station. Here we signalled our arrival in English waters. A few hours steaming brought us abreast of the Eddystone Lighthouse. This has had an exciting history. The first lighthouse that we have any record of on this rock was completed by Winstanley in 1700, but was destroyed in the great hurricane of 1703, in which the engineer himself perished. The next was built of oak and masonry by Rudyerd in 1709. It was burnt in 1755. In 1759 Smeaton completed his celebrated work. It stood for many years, but there was always some fear as to its stability, and it was replaced by the present lighthouse, built by Douglass in 1882. This is a very shapely structure. Not far away can be seen the remains of Smeaton's tower, about half of which remains. The next point of interest to be reached was the Start. The coast of Devonshire is very beautiful, with its lofty capes and retreating bays, its climbing hills forming a lovely back-ground to the view. Portland Bill, with its famous convict station, next hove in sight, and was soon left far astern. At St. Alban's Head the coast is very rugged.

Jagged peaks of rock stand out of the water, threatening dire vengeance to any unlucky ship that may be cast upon them. Two of these, and perhaps the most striking, near to Swanage, are called Old Harry and his wife. Late in the afternoon we passed the Needles, two tall pinnacles of rock, which are aptly named, standing like sentinels to guard the entrance to the Solent. The Isle of Wight presents a lovely picture from the sea. The shores are high and of a greyish color, while inland are hills upon hills, and gently undulating ground covered with bright green herbage. Night was just closing in as we signalled to St. Catharine's Point, and when Ventnor was passed, people were lighting up their houses, and many twinkling lights were gently rising and falling in the water like gigantic fire-flies. Next morning at day-break the vessel was abreast of Hastings, and when I came on deck shortly after, the houses were rapidly diminishing in the distance. Dungeness in Kent was next reached. Here a long sand bank, crowned at its termination by a lighthouse, juts out from the shore. At this point we took on the pilot for Gravesend. As he stepped on board and shook hands with the captain, his portly presence was an eloquent though silent expression of virtues of good old English roast-beef. Breakfast occupied our attention for a short time, and when we again made our appearance, we were within sight of Folkestone and Dover. It is said by some that the chalk cliffs which are such a striking feature of this part of the coast gave to England the name of Albion, whence also Tennyson so beautifully calls it the "silver-coasted isle." To the south-west of Dover is a frowning cliff known as Shakspeare's Cliff.

> "How fearfu
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down,
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high:--I'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

The cliff hardly merits such an extravagant description as this, but still "a soizable un he be," as John Browdie would say, and it forms a notable feature in the landscape. Dover presents a charming picture. The white cliffs stand boldly out from the water, crowned upon the top by the famous castle. On a little bay between the cliffs the shore rises gently, and here the town is built in a succession of terraces. The town was called Dubris by the Romans, who built one of their main roads from Dover to London passing through Canterbury and Rochester.

The castle is an immense structure, comprising a large Norman keep with protecting walls and buildings. Within it are two buildings of earlier date, the Roman pharos and the Romano-British church, which, with the exception of the roof, is in the condition in which it was built. This forms a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture unique in Christendom. The castle is altogether most imposing, and is second in appearance only to Windsor. For some distance beyond Dover the shore still possesses the same lofty configuration and the same greyish color. After passing the South

Foreland, which is a splendid chalk cliff, we entered the Downs. This is the name given to the channel inside the famous Goodwin sands, where perhaps more wrecks take place than on any other part of the coast. Certainly no one would think as we were passing the lightships that but a few feet blow the surface were bleaching the bones of many a gallant ship and her sturdy crew. Everything was peaceful. The sun was shining gloriously and the sea was calm and still, yet not far away could be seen the masts of a sunken ship sticking out of the water, a grim reminder of what had been so often before and might be again. At Deal, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, which are watering-places on the shore just opposite the Downs, are kept well equipped lifeboats ready for any emergency. Many a brave deed has been done here, and many a life saved from a watery grave. The sands, which are now entirely immersed in the gradually encroaching sea, formerly were part of the lands belonging to the celebrated Earl Godwin, whose son, Harold II, was defeated near Hastings by William the Conqueror. The great Dutch Admiral De Ruyter also fought a sea-fight with the English near the Downs. Deal is a fashionable summer resort, for which purpose it is admirably adapted. It has a fine stretch of sand and several large hotels. A mile or so away is Walmer Castle, where the Duke of Wellington died. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII, and is now one of the residences of the Marquis of Dufferin in his capacity as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The North Foreland is a lofty promontory of chalk, on one side of which is Ramsgate and on the other Margate, both very attractive resorts for Londoners. The mouth of the Thames here is very wide, and it is not till we were appraching Sheerness that we saw much of the shore. Just opposite, at Southend, is the longest pier in England. Soon we have passed the famous "Boy at the Nore" and the mouth of the Medway. Both sides of the river now become attractive. Small villages with quaint little churches almost hidden in ivy peep out here and there, and by afternoon we are moored snugly in our berth at the town of Gravesend. Just opposite is Tilbury Fort, built by Henry VIII. Here Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops before the defeat of the great Spanish Armada. Her speech on this occasion was characteristic: "I know that I have but the arm of a poor weak woman, but I have the stomach of a King, and a King of England too." Tilbury is chiefly famous for its docks, which are the longest in England, and are included in the port of London. Gravesend itself is a quaint and interesting town. It is built upon ground which gently rises from the river till it reaches its culmination in a height called Windmill Hill. On this hill there was an observatory even earlier than that of Greenwich. The view from the top is charming. One of the features of interest is the old parish church, which is built of flint. In it are said to be the remains of the Indian princess Pocahontas, who died at Wapping. The square contains a fine clock, with chimes erected to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. One of the prettiest thoroughfares is Windmill Hill. This is lined on both sides by flowering trees such as laburnums, hawthorns and chestnuts, while the walls are crowned with ivy or holly, and many of the houses are covered with climbing roses. The effect was very delightful to those who here touched terra firma for the first time after a long voyage. The month was June, and everything was in its beauty. Near to Gravesend are the Rosherville Gardens, a favorite place of resort for Londoners. To the lover of Dickens the country near Gravesend is classic ground. Two or three of us set out upon a country drive one afternoon. It was of the utmost interest. As we drove down the hill from Gravesend on the way to Cobham, the view was charming. The road was good, and on each side lined with laburnums and hawthorns. Here and there was a picturesque wall built of broken flints and crowned with a hedge of holly or of ivy. On each side were the hop-fields, the vines clustering up the rows of poles. From time to time we passed a quaint old farm-house, or a kiln for drying hops, shining with its red roof through the trees. A drive of a few miles brought us to Cobham. It is a small village, with a church in the Early English style, which contains one of the best collections of brasses in England.

Close by on the main road is the "Leather Bottel," an inn which informs you, as most of the inns do hereabouts, that Dickens used to be a visitor. Readers of Pickwick will remember that Tupman, after his escapade with Rachel, old Mr. Wardle's sister, put up at the "Leather Bottel," where Mr. Pickwick found him. Not far away Mr. Pickwick made that wonderful discovery that was to revolutionize the antiquarian world —the stone with the curious inscription:

†
B I L S T
U M
P S H I
S M
A R K

What we came chiefly to see was the seat of the Earl of Darnley. The park is about seven miles in circuit, and contains a beautiful little lake. The display of rhododendrons here in June is the finest in England. For almost a mile we walked along the paths in the park, surrounded on all sides by bushes twenty feet high, which were literally covered with pink blossoms as big as one's head. The sight was worth coming miles to see. Cobham Hall itself is interesting, although we did not have time to go through it. It is composed of a centre and two wings, the former by Inigo Jones. In the XVth century it belonged to Joan, heiress of John, Lord Cobham, who married Sir John Oldcastle. Oldcastle assumed the name Cobham, and was eventually put to death on suspicion of favoring the Lollards. He is said to have been the original of Falstaff. In 1596 the estate came into the possession of Henry Lord Cobham, who was Warden of the Cinque Ports. He with others was accused of taking part in Raleigh's conspiracy, and his estate confiscated. It thus became royal property, and in 1612 James I. granted it to the Duke of Lennox, one of his own relatives. At

the end of the XVIIth century, they were sold to pay the debts of the owner. In 1714 the estates came into the possession of a family called Bligh, one of whom, in 1725, was created Earl of Darnley. This family still possess the estate. The park is extensive; some of the oaks are more than twenty feet in girth. The park had the reputation of producing excellent venison. Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. both visited Cobham. Driving past the lodge, we set out for Rochester. The view as you descend the valley of the Medway, through Strood, is grand. The city of Rochester as it rises from the slope across the Medway presents a perfect picture. In the foreground is the massive stone bridge spanning the river. From the bank, building rises upon building till they reach their crowning glory in the ancient Cathedral and the castle. The most prominent feature is the Norman keep, hoary with age, and covered to the summit with clinging ivy. Somewhat lower down and behind is to be seen the tower of the Cathedral.

"What a study for an antiquarian!" were the very words which fell from Mr. Pickwick's mouth, as he applied the telescope to his eye.

"Ah! fine place," said the stranger, "glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling stair-cases—old cathedral, too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at theatres—queer customers, those monks—Popes, and Lord Treasurers, and all sorts of old fellows, with great red faces, and broken noses, turning up every day—buff jerkins, too—matchlocks—sarcophagus—fine place—old legends, too—strange stories: capital."

"The principal productions of these towns (Rochester and its suburbs)," says Mr. Pickwick, "appear to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers and dockyard men."

Clattering across the bridge, which is a handsome stone structure, we drove up the High street and pulled up at the old "Bull" inn, now the Victoria and Bull. It has the usual notice up outside that it is mentioned in Pickwick. It is a quaint place, with wainscoted walls. Although the inn is old the charges are very modern. It will be remembered that in an upper room in this building took place the memorable ball in which Jingle insulted the redoubtable Dr. Slammer. The castle is an imposing structure, consisting of a massive Norman keep and the remains of its guarding walls. The keep is grey with age and covered in part by ivy. It now serves the more peaceful purpose of a pigeon-loft. The grounds are laid out in picturesque gardens overlooking the Medway, and contain an elegant memorial of the Queen's Jubilee in a Queen Margaret Cross.

The castle is said to have been built by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, towards the end of the XIth century. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, to whom the town had been granted by his half-brother the Conqueror, was besieged here because of his implication in a conspiracy in favor of Robert of Normandy. King John, Simon de Montfort, and Wat Tyler also besieged it. A grand tournament was held in the castle by Henry III. in 1251. The structure was repaired by Edward IV., but soon after fell into decay.

Rochester was the seat of a church, founded by Augustine as early as 604 A.D. This edifice was partly destroyed by the Danes, and was rebuilt by Bishop Gundulph at the beginning of the XIIth century. The building is comparatively small, being only 310 feet in length. It is very plain inside, but contains a fine crypt.

To get into the choir you must ascend a flight of steps. There are a number of interesting tombs, among them one to the Worthy Master Richard Watts, who founded a charity near by "for six poor travellers, who, not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis for one night, lodging, entertainment and fourpence each." The glory of the cathedral is its magnificent west front, with a richly carved door in the Norman style.

Through Rochester, the Roman *Durobrivae* passes the Roman road, Watling street. Many a time must the Canterbury pilgrims, leaving the Tabard inn in the Borough, have travelled over this road to worship at the shrine of the good St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Repassing the bridge, where our readers will no doubt remember Mr. Pickwick had his colloquy with the dismal man, we at length reached Gadshill. This is a hill, as its name signifies. At the top is a large house, which, though somewhat altered in appearance, is substantially the same as when Dickens owned it. Here in the retirement of a charming country district beloved by all around, Dickens lived for the last years of his life, and produced many of his best works. The inspiration of the place clings about his writings in an unmistakable manner. Frequently he used to saunter through the pleasant walks of Cobham Park, and even pursued his journey up to London. In many of his shorter pieces he describes the delight he felt in doing this. Gadshill is also famous in Shakespere's Henry IV., where Falstaff and the riotous Prince Hal waylay some honest travellers, and Falstaff gets rather the worst of it. This is commemorated by the Sir John Falstaff Inn near by. Leaving Gadshill the road leads by the quaint old church of Chalk with its curious sun-dial, through Milton and back to Gravesend. This whole region is of great beauty and interest to those who are historically and artistically inclined. Lying in the stream at Gravesend afforded opportunities for considerable thought and romancing. Every few moments steamers were coming and going forward to all parts of the world. The amount of traffic is enormous. It happened to be Whitmonday when we were there. As a consequence, all "Lunnon" was out. Countless excursion steamers came down on their way to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate and other places, crowded to the top of their funnels. The 'Arrys and 'Arriets were all there; babies squalling, mouth-organs and key-bugles playing; pandemonium everywhere. Various sweet melodies of the day, such as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "Get yer 'air cut," floated across the

water, and all was joy. The scene was full of life and interest, but would need a Dickens to depict it adequately. Leaving Gravensend by the South Eastern Railway, we set out for London, passing through Erith, Dartford and Eltham. Time forbade stopping at the latter place, where there remains the great banqueting hall of a Royal Palace built by Henry VIII. It contains a fine timber roof that is worth seeing, although the place is being put to a rather plebeian purpose, being used as a stable, or something of that sort.

Soon we were sensible of the great dome of St. Paul's, looking like some huge sentinel keeping watch over the great city at its feet, and disembarking at the Charing Cross Station, the great city lay before us.

(*To be continued.*)

TRIOLETS.

AN ADJURATION.

(On picking up a Note-Book in the East Wing.)

Oh scribble on, thou clever maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white;
From sketch to sketch I, gleeful, wade.
Oh scribble on, thou clever maid,
Thy likenesses will never fade;
Thou wieldst a pen with skill and might.
Oh scribble on, thou clever maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white.

Oh scribble not, thou *heartless* maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white.
'Tis plain that thou art not afraid.
Oh scribble not, thou *heartless* maid,
And leave thy books where'er they're laid.
I found *my* portrait—'twas a fright.
Oh scribble not, thou heartless maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white.

F. T. T.

DESCRIPTIVE.

A bonnie, sonsie lass was she,
But please, oh please, don't think I'm Scotch.
I call her thusly, for you see
A bonnie, sonsie lass was she;
These words just suit her to a T,
And others would but make a botch.
A bonnie, sonsie lass was she,
But please, oh please, don't think I'm Scotch.

F. T. T.

HOPE.

Angel face in the distance beaming,
Radiant eyes with a winsome seeming,
Ruby lips, all aglow, love hailing,
Wooing strangely the heart fast failing.

Day-joy out o'er the blue sea fleeing,
Twilight soft o'er the meadows stealing,
Darkness fast on love's pathway falling,
Gloom and shade gather round—appalling!

Earth seems shrouded in deepest woe, and
Heaven, all clouded, is dark and leaden;
Joy, dying out from the soul—when Lo! an
Angel face in the distance beaming.

Radiant eyes with a winsome seeming,
Flashing bright comes the light, new breaking;
Starlight, silvery, sweet and alluring!
Hail to thee! love to thee! Hope enduring!

D. BANNELL SAWYER.

MONTREAL, 24th Jan., 1894.

ABSENT.

Sweetly dream the sleeping flowers
Underneath the winter snow
Of the coming of the springtime,
When the Southern breezes blow.

Yearningly, beside their nestlings,
Thro' the dark, uncertain night,
Dream the song-birds of the dawning,
And the gladness of the light.

Constantly the mighty mountains
Dream in silence of the sea,
Of its slumbrous-voiced music,
And the white waves tossing free.

As the flowers dream of springtime,
As the hills dream of the sea,
As the song-birds of the dawning,—
So dream I of thee.

Day by day the timid songsters
Dream upon the morning's birth,
Year by year the waiting flowers
Dream of spring upon the earth;
And forever and forever
Dream the mountains of the sea.
Thus do I thro' times that sever,
—Envious seasons—thee and me,
Days and nights and years and ever
Dream, sweet love, of thee.

R. MACDOUGALL.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE CRIMINAL CODE OF CANADA.

The handsome volume* which Mr. Crankshaw has prepared upon the Criminal Code deserves high recognition for the uniform skill and conciseness with which it treats that important division of our law. To produce a work which, in completeness and facility for ready reference, is suited to the requirements of the judge and the practising barrister, and is equally well adapted, by brevity and clearness, for the use of the student is an achievement of which any legal writer might be justly proud. It is only common justice to concede this praise to Mr. Crankshaw, and to congratulate him upon the distinction which it confers upon the Bar and the University to which he belongs.

While the desirability of Codification is still a contested question in England, there can be no doubt that

*The Criminal Code of Canada, and the Canada Evidences Act, 1893, with an Extra Appendix, etc., and an Analytical Index, by James Crankshaw, B.C.L., barrister, Montreal. Whiteford & Théoret, Law Publishers, 1894.

its advocates have scored important points by the adoption of the Bills of Exchange Act and the Partnership Act, each of which is really a code of existing law. The Draft Code submitted by the Criminal Law Commissioners will, it is hoped, upon further discussion and elaboration, if necessary, also be accepted and passed in the near future.

Meantime, we in Canada have, with commendable enterprise, constructed a Criminal Code of our own, with the English Draft Code and our own statutory legislation as a basis. The advantage to students of such a step cannot be questioned. They are thus presented with an authoritative collection of leading principles, freed from the puzzling incrustation of fiction and shorn of the nice subtleties of construction which have gained for English jurists such an unenviable reputation for technicalism. The student should always be considered in making a text-book like this; he has claims which cannot be ignored.

Codification brings in its train two great advantages. The first is that it furnishes, in a better way than all the skill of the digest-maker ever could, an effective means of grouping the case-law upon each particular branch. The second advantage is that, by necessitating a continual reference to basal principles, it keeps the progress of the law in symmetry with its original embodiment.

The net-work of cases upon the English Criminal Law covered almost every supposable instance, even before the present Code; but many of the distinctions and explanations upon which its theory rested were antiquated and impractical. The Code brushes away a host of such fictions, of which a few may be instructively studied, such as the presumption that a wife who commits a crime in her husband's presence does so by his compulsion—a disposition utterly without foundation in our present social life, and rightly abrogated by section 15.

The rubbish which has in the past crushed all meaning out of the word "malice," and made it so elastic as to mean, according to the occasion, anything from the scarcely premeditated, impulsive doing of injury to the "doing of harm for harm's sake," has been cleared away, in regard to homicide, at least, to make room for scientific definitions of the nature of intent. (Sections 227, 228.)

The provisions of sections 133 and following, as to frauds upon the Government, will make interesting reading for all who are inclined to palliate or deal leniently with those detestable crimes which tend to the corruption of the public service. The briber and the bribed, the scheming contractor and the influence broker are all reached by a few clauses of unequivocal import (sections 133 and following). These enactments are part of Canada's contribution to the Code. Unfortunately, they may but too well recall the story of the stranger who asked Lycurgus what was the punishment of parricide in his State? The Spartan law-giver answered: "There is none. The crime is too atrocious even for mention among our laws." The people of Canada, it must be regretfully admitted, can make no such boast in regard to administrative corruption.

The author is entitled to credit for the excellent and concise summary of legal notions as to the nature of insanity and its value as an excuse for crime, contained in the note to section 11, pages 10 and 11. It is difficult to see how the old test of knowing right from wrong is to be dislodged, although the doctrine of uncontrollable impulse as equivalent to insanity has been stoutly supported by as great a criminalist as Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. This question will doubtless be a bone of contention among doctors and lawyers for many years to come; but in the meanwhile most of us can accept with safety that theory of the law of criminal liability, which holds that the community has a right to exact of each of its members that he reach a certain standard of ordinary qualities at his own peril.

Compounding felonies has always been deemed a flagrant assault upon the dignity of the law. Section 157 is worthy of notice, as a means of reaching persons who advertise for lost or stolen property with the assurance that "no questions will be asked."

A noteworthy progress in the law of blasphemous libels is to be perceived in the annotation to section 170. In the words of the English Commissioners, the offence lies not in the expression of erroneous opinions, but in the outrage which it inflicts upon the religious sentiments of the community. Another reason may be found in the fact that such productions might, in cases, lead to breaches of the peace.

The law of nuisances in general (p. 114) and that as to gaming houses and gambling (p. 121) are well treated; but the subject of gambling in stocks hardly receives the annotation which it deserves on account of its frequency and importance.

The exposition of the law of Theft and the comparison of the old cases upon Larceny in their bearing on the new text, is exceedingly well worked out, and is a fair clue to the practical utility of the work.

The best features of the book are undoubtedly the careful annotations in smaller type than the text of the Code, the insertion of black-type catch-lines, and the relegation of citations to foot-notes. An index, covering over sixty pages, is a welcome sign of progress in Canadian law-books, which are as a rule so deficient in this respect.

The "Canada Evidence Act, 1893," is a creditable piece of legislation, calculated in every way to facilitate the thorough and impartial investigation of facts in criminal cases.

In future editions of the work, it is, however, to be hoped that the author will omit the House of Commons Debates on the Bill (pp. 806 and following). However interesting these may be to the student of legislative history, they are not in any sense a legal authority; they cannot be cited as such, and they have no proper place in a legal text-book. While some judges have at times allowed themselves the liberty of recalling parliamentary reminiscences in their own careers as guides to the interpretation of laws which they themselves originally framed or amended, it is clear that no barrister should be allowed to appeal from the text of the law to the debates in the House at the time of its passage. In the case of *The Queen* v. *Hertford College*, 3 Q.B.D.,

at p. 707, Lord Coleridge, C.J., said: "We are not, however, concerned with what parliament intended, but simply with what it has said in the statute. The statute is clear, and the parliamentary history of a statute is wisely inadmissible to explain it, if it is not." And in *The Attorney General* v. *Sillem*, 2 H. & C., at p. 521, Chief Baron Pollock said: "But neither this court nor any other court can construe any statute, *and least of all a criminal statute*, by what counsel are pleased to suggest were alterations made in Committee by a member of Parliament who was no friend to the Bill, even though the Journals of the House would give some sanction to the proposition." The Supreme Court of the United States has also refused to consider debates in Congress as evidence of the meaning of an act (see *District of Columbia* v. *Washington Market Co.*, 108 U.S., at p. 254). It is true that the author has only followed the example set in a recent Treatise on Bills and Notes,—otherwise also a valuable work,—but that example is bad in this respect, and should be eschewed henceforth.

On the whole it can well be affirmed that no commentary on the criminal law will go to the profession with better claims to recognition than this work of a McGill graduate.

P.C.R.

THE ARTS CONVERSAZIONE.

The Conversazione given by the Undergraduates in Arts on the evening of Feb. 16th was in all respects an unqualified success. The interior of the Molson Hall was gayly decorated for the occasion, festoons of brightly colored bunting hung gracefully from the summits of the pilasters to the large gasaliers in the centre of the room. The "severe and naked simplicity" of the walls was further relieved by shields representing the various societies of the University, silken banners suspended from the cornice, and the British and Canadian flags which were draped above the window at the rear of the hall. A profusion of palms, ferns, lilies and other plants, gracefully disposed, added to the attractiveness of the room, and the whole formed a combination highly creditable to the taste and skill of the Committee. Downstairs the old library showed a similar transformation. The alcoves were tastefully draped with curtains and buntings, and formed a very pretty and convenient refreshment room.

The guests began to arrive shortly after 5 o'clock, and very soon about three hundred of the *élite* of Montreal were assembled. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson and Dr. and Mrs. Murray received. Most of the members of Faculty were present; besides Drs. Johnson and Murray, we noticed Professors Moyse, Cox, Darey, Adams, Harrington and Penhallow, and Messrs. Gregor, Morin, Evans, Deeks and Tory, and Mr. Gould, the University Librarian. The representatives from neighboring universities were Messrs. Moore of Toronto, Johnston of Queen's, Ayehearst of Victoria and Montgomery of Bishop's; and from sister Faculties, Messrs. Byers of Medicine, Barrow of Law, Dawson of Applied Science, and Solandt of Comparative Medicine.

About 9 o'clock the chairman, Prof. Moyse, made a few very happy remarks, after which the following programme was rendered:—

PART I.

1.	The Wandering Singer's Patrol. McGill Glee Club.	
2. Song,	"The Owl and the Pussy Cat." Mrs. Morrison.	*Ingraham*
3. Reading,	Selected. Mrs. F. W. Gilmour.	
4. Song,	"It was not thus to be." Mrs. Thurston.	*V. Nessler.*
5. Song,	"The Message." Mrs. J. C. Barlow.	*"Blumenthal."*

PART II.

1. Duet,	"Noontide heat has long passed over" Miss Evans and Mrs. Annesley.	*Thomas.*
2. Song,	"Polly and I." Miss Bell Ross.	*Wakefield.*
3. Reading,	Selected. Mrs. William MacKeracher.	
4. Song,	"For Thee." WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO. Miss Chambers.	*A.G. Robyn.*
5.	Plantation Frolic. McGill Banjo Club.	

After the above programme was carried out, refreshments were announced, and a committee of the whole house waited upon the Minister of the Interior, in a precipitate rush. When the cravings of the inner man were satisfied, the strains of the orchestra sounded a retreat to the hall above, and the promenading began. This was the essentially social part of the evening's proceedings, and was entered into with great zest by all. The expression of the man who couldn't find his partner was a study in physiognomy when the music began, but when the music ended and the search was still unrewarded, his *expression* was a study in language. But these little incidents only added to the enjoyment —of the others.

Shortly after midnight the last notes died away, the last promenade was over, the hall was quickly deserted by the gay company, and the social event of the season, as far as the college world is concerned, drew to a close.

The Committee of Management was as follows: Professors Johnson, Cox, Moyse and Murray from the Faculty. Misses Warner, McKenzie and Ogilvy of the 4th year and Miss Armstrong of the 3rd year, Consulting Committee from the Donalda Dept. Messrs. Garrett, Fraser, Barlow and Ireland of the 4th Year, Sutherland, Hopkins and Rogers of the 3rd Year, Campbell, Robertson and Kennedy of the 2nd Year, and McMaster, Botterell and Howard of the 1st Year. Mr. Garrett was chairman, Mr. Fraser, secretary, and Mr. Barlow, treasurer, of the Committee.

CAP'N GOUN AT THE CONVERSAT.

(Written for Mr. MacKeracher's recitation at the Arts Conversazione.)

'Twas once upon a time, we'll say, in the history of McGill;
And not a thousand years ago, for the men are living still
Who were at the bottom and top of the thing,—as in Latin we say,—the *personæ*,
Who managed this brilliant affair of the year, the conversazione.
All the bright lights of the city, intellectual, social and great,
Were eager for invitations, and the few who were chosen elate:
'Twas the only event of the season the whole University set would be at;
And of course I was going along with the rest to the wonderful conversat.

But I had no girl,—from society circles myself aloof I had held;
And a lady-student I never would meet for fear of being expelled.
Of course, like every fellow, I'd *one* particular fair in my eye,
But I'd only met her a couple of times, and of calling I've always been shy.
In this gloomy condition of grief and despair I was doing St. Catherine street,
When, by Jupiter, whom but this very girl should I chance on a sudden to meet!
I asked her to spare me just one promenade, as I smilingly doffed my hat:
But she promised *to spare me all the time* the night of the Conversat.

St. Catherine street became too small, my coat and vest too tight,
And I added, that afternoon as I walked, six inches at least to my height.
I bought a dozen ten cent cigars and a bottle of native wine,
And I smoked and sipped till the stars went out and the sun began to shine.
My cerebellum by what she had said was kept in a waltz-like whirl,
For I never cared much for girls in my life,—but Oh! how I wanted *that* girl!
And the chance I had waited for five years had come to me now so pat;
And I was to promenade with her all night at the Conversat.

Next morning I looked at my old dress suit, and I thought it was rather scuffed,
Altho' a couple of years or more respectably it would have roughed;
And I went to a tailor—the best in the town—and he measured me thrice with care:
I promised to pay him a "fifty" down, tho' I hadn't much cash to spare.
I bought new shoes, new shirt, new studs, and a collar four inches tall,
I forget what else, but remember well that *that* wasn't nearly all.
I ended up with an overcoat and a beautiful ten dollar hat;
For I was to *see her home* that night, after the Conversat.

I went into the Library that same day—the librarian pricked up his ears
When I asked for the books taken out by the girls in the last two hundred years;
He said he could not let the Library out, but that I might sit and read;
And he kept three Freshmen carrying books, which I swallowed with marvellous greed.
I rushed thro' the poets from Chaucer down, the novelists down from Scott;
I read every volume on music and *art*, as fast as the book could be got;
Spent day after day o'er quotations and jokes and all sorts of delectable chat:
For I was to talk with her that night, during the Conversat.

All the Society gossip I gathered from up and down;
I studied the family history of all the best people in town;
And with whomsoever I met that week I talked of the coming event,
Particularly my lady-friends,—with a look,—they knew what it meant;
And when they inquired if I would be there, I paused, to produce an effect,
Then said with a smiling superior air, "*Well, I should presume to expect.*"
I said I was sorry I wouldn't have them, but I really couldn't help that;
I was booked already for every trip the night of the Conversat.

The time came round and my hopes beat high, and I rigged myself in my best,
With a smile on my face and a flow'r on my coat, and a big gold chain on my vest.
At the head of the stairs in the Molson Hall I waited a little while,
Till I saw her ascend on the arm of a friend, and I greeted her with a smile.
She told me that now, as her programme was full, she could spare me remarkably well;
She explained she had thought that it might be a joke—with some men she never could tell.
She said that I was such a funny man—*I thought* that I was such a flat
To allow myself to be fooled by her, left at the Conversat.

It all comes back to me again as if it had been to-night,
I never knew a girl in my life so entirely out of sight;
But they say she has conquered a lecturer's heart, and her quiver is only half spent;
She has flirted with four of the honor men, and ensnared the president.

* * * * * *

Farewell, Old McGill, if unfavored in love, I at least have been faithful to thee;
Some day you'll remember this chap, perhaps, and honor him too,—we'll see.
But don't be surprised if before I depart too tightly I tie my cravat—
But, no, I'm going off home to bed, sick of the Conversat.

CAP'N GOUN.

LIFE AT BRYN MAWR.

Arriving here one bright day in October, the writer first of all sought the secretary's office, in order to discover her place of residence. On reaching this destination, a score of Freshmen met her eye, and as these were all awaiting their turn for admittance, there seemed nothing else to do but sit down and wait patiently. Here was the first opportuninty of observing American students. However, they did not appear very different from Canadians on the whole, but being all Freshmen, which the observer did not know at the time, they did not impress her as being very scholastic-looking. At last, when admittance was gained to the secretary, apologies were made for the delay, stating that it was not the custom to keep their fellows waiting. She

presented the writer with a student's card and course book, and directed her to her hall of residence, where the housekeeper and mistress were very cordial in their welcome, and after shewing the writer to her room, saw that some lunch was furnished, though now after the regular lunch time.

The next business on hand was to interview the Dean. This must be done by every student entering college, so that here again considerable time was spent waiting at her door; but this time, a greater variety of students presented themselves for observation, some giving the idea of much culture. The interview with the Dean did not occupy much time, but gave some idea of that lady's personality. She, by the way, is the leading spirit at Bryn Mawr, and since by a recent change, the present president has resigned on account of ill-health, and the Dean has been appointed his successor, next year will probably see her occupying this higher position.

Dinner, that first evening, gave the first impression of a college dining hall. The different tables are generally occupied by students belonging to the different years of college life, but there is perfect liberty to change one's seat, if desirable. There is a graduate table in each hall, and often some of the older undergraduates prefer to sit there. The sophomores are noted for having the noisiest table, and it is bewildering at first not to be able to hear oneself speak for the noise, but custom soon renders it pleasant. Indeed, when many of the students are away, the silence is quite oppressive. Next day brought with it the interviewing of the different professors, after which, the preliminaries now over, the writer began to feel in truth a student of Bryn Mawr.

It is, of course, hard at first to enter into the ways of another university, and graduate work, which is purposely made very distinct from undergraduate work, seems very difficult at first; but these difficulties wear away as time goes on. Very few examinations are held in the graduate courses, but one day every week is devoted to seminary work in both Latin and Greek. Of course, the more one does at this, the easier it becomes, so that, as the term goes on, the work becomes lighter, and as the dread of examinations is taken away, one learns to study from the pure love of study. In addition to the seminary work, each member of the class has papers to write during the year, and these papers must show original investigation.

Each department of graduate work has its own separate reading room, where are all the books used in the advanced work. These are the workshops of the graduate students, and here it is possible to study from early morning till ten o'clock at night if that is desired.

College life at Bryn Mawr outside of the lectures is very lively and quickening. American vivacity, showing itself in a college composed of 200 girls, comes forth in strong relief. To a Canadian, it is a pleasure, in being a graduate, to feel outside of the whirl of excitement. Among the institutions peculiar to this college are the Sophomore and Freshmen plays. The former is generally worked up in the summer, and given soon after the first term commences. One of the year composes the play, bringing in famous characters of romance, and always adding some local hits, which are very amusing. The costumes displayed show great originality on the part of the actors, and the singing and dancing which form part of the play give opportunity for the use of much talent. At this exhibition, though all are invited, the Freshmen are the honored guests, and they are expected to respond by giving a play in return. These emulate the sophomores in their display, and this year gave an exhibition quite equal to that of their seniors. Besides these, other plays are occasionally given, sometimes an admission being charged, in order to gain money for a certain purpose. Fancy dress balls also occasionally take place. Of course, no gentlemen are admitted to any of these exhibitions. As a rule, there is some diversion on hand for Friday evening, and during vacation, those who are not so fortunate as to be able to go home manage to amuse themselves very successfully. For instance, on Thanksgiving evening charades were acted and ghost stories told till a late hour.

Bryn Mawr College is ruled by the system of self-government; all matters of college life, outside of the house-keeping, are regulated by the students themselves, who form in a body what is called the Self-Government Society. Every year a president is appointed and also an executive committee, who take into their hands any special case of disregard for the regulations. Each residence hall appoints its own proctors to see to the carrying out of the rules. The one regulation over which there is most difficulty is that in regard to quiet hours for study; but if the proctor be well chosen, even this is well observed. Even such matters as the sloping of lectures are treated by the Self-Government Society. For instance, before the Christmas vacation, the students met, and passed a motion of indignation against those who unnecessarily sloped the first lecture after the holidays.

The graduates studying at the college are in number 43, and they have lately formed themselves into a Graduate club, which meets every fortnight. Their object, at present, is chiefly social, but they hope occasionally to have speakers from outside, especially from other colleges, so as to learn what is being done in graduate work elsewhere.

To conclude, if beautiful natural scenery is considered an important factor in education, Bryn Mawr College should hold a high rank. Situate as it is, just ten miles from Philadelphia, in the midst of beautiful rolling country, many aspects of delightful natural scenery display themselves.

As the country is very well settled, there are many fine residences in the neighborhood, and, for the vigorous, beautiful walks in all directions.

ELIZABETH M. FAIRCLOUGH.

CYCLING IN ONTARIO.

As one of a jolly party of wheelmen who spent three very pleasant weeks touring in various sections of the Province of Ontario, some months since, I will endeavor to portray here our experiences upon the road.

The pretty town of Niagara, which has the honor of standing guard at the mouth of the celebrated river of that name, being a central meeting place for all, was decided upon as our starting point; and from here early one Thursday morning, one could have seen a number of students—who had evidently left their text-books in their rooms behind them, there to await their return—riding away toward the West, gayly laughing and chatting, as if their prospective trip was an accomplishment of but a few hours.

With a few minutes in St. Catharines, just time enough to take a spin on the smooth brick sidewalk, at the expense of a hurried exit because of the seeming youthfulness which our conduct had aroused in an elderly constable, we passed on to Grimsby Park. Here we found many friends to wish us their hearty bon voyage.

The eighteen mile run between Grimsby and Hamilton was upon the finest cycling road in the Dominion, well known to all riders of America.

At Hamilton we were cordially received by representatives of the chief clubs of that city, and after a refreshing meal we pushed on to Dundas, where our first mishap took place in the shape of a broken wheel. A walk of two miles, which was necessitated by the sandy roads, brought us to Ancaster, where we found a pleasant country inn with good accommodation for man and iron beast.

Through the very bright town of Brantford and the society town of Woodstock, where one finds himself subject to the critical examination from the fairer sexed portion of its population, then on to St. Thomas, the recognized railway centre of Ontario, and in an hour's spin we find ourselves in London. At the latter place and in its vicinity we spent several gay days as guests of the Forest City Club.

St. Mary's will long be remembered by one of our contingent, who attempted to ride over a live wire which had fallen to the street. We found Stratford a delightful spot wherein to spend a quiet Sabbath. Another day was quickly passed in running through Berlin, St. Petersburg and Waterloo; in each of these the odor of *sauer-kraut* and beer was prevalent. A halt of two days was next made in the beautiful city of Guelph, after which we wheeled into Toronto, amid the glare of a most charming sunset, being so well satisfied with our trip that we felt that if ever another opportunity presented itself for a similar rabble, we would have no hesitation whatever in completing our circuit of Ontario.

From experience gleaned in France, England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States, and contrasting with that of our trip outlined above, I should recommend to those anticipating a similar trip, for good, hard and level roadways, beautiful scenery and delightful air, with much more which makes a vacation a pleasure, the neighboring Province of Ontario.

(Signed), RODOTTO.

ARTS '96.

JOTTINGS FROM THE GYM.

A very interesting and instructive entertainment took place at the University Gymnasium, 19 University St., on the 8th inst. On this occasion a representative gathering of Professors and Governors of McGill met to witness the physical drill of the Students. Although McGill has progressed in many directions, the department of Gymnastics has not received all the attention it deserves, and the Students have very few more facilities than they had as long ago as 1861. However, a strong effort is being made to bring about a great improvement in this direction, and place McGill in this respect on a more equal footing with other halls of learning. The work of the Gymnasium has been for some years under the charge of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie and Mr. J. J. Ross, B.A., who have done much to increase its efficiency. Among those present on the occasion referred to were Sir Wm. Dawson, Mr. W. C. McDonald and Miss McDonald, Mr. E. B. Greenshields and Mrs. Greenshields, Dr. Johnson, Dr. J. C. Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, and Dean Bovey, Prof. McLeod, Dr. McEachran, Prof. Harrington, Mr. James W. Brakenridge, B.C.L.

It seems that in Harvard the applicant fills out a "history blank," undergoes a muscular test and an examination of the heart and lungs, has his weight, height, chest-girth and fifty other items taken, and a careful record made of the skin, muscles, spine, etc. These items plotted on a chart, made from several thousand measurements, the examiner is able to know the relative physical standing of the individual, and to recommend a special order of appropriate exercises for the development of deficient organs.

Dr. McKenzie thought that at McGill, students should be examined physically as well as mentally. According to Dr. Sergeant, director of the Hemenway Gymnasium: "One-half the fight for physical training is won when the student can be induced to take a genuine interest in his bodily condition: to want to remedy his defects and to pride himself on the purity of his skin, the firmness of his muscles and the uprightness of his figure."

After the exercises, speeches were made by Sir Wm. Dawson, Dr. Cameron and Dr. Johnson.

Sir William said he had for many years taken an interest in this important matter. The Gymnasium had not grown with the growth of the College. The whole thousand students were no better off now than the few in the early days of '61, when the Montreal Gymnasium Club built the present gymnasium at 19 University street,—indeed, they were worse off, in the sense of being further away from the building. He also referred to the importance attached to practical hygiene and physical culture in the United States, and said that the provision of proper physical training as a part of the College curriculum and a properly equipped building were imperative. They had now, he said, the right man in the right place, and he wished Dr. Mackenzie every success.

Dr. Cameron was glad to see that the Students of McGill had made a beginning in physical training, and had got the right man for a teacher. That required a dual qualification: the trained gymnast and the physician, and both of these qualifications Dr.

Mackenzie possessed in an eminent degree. The University had done well in placing the physical health of the Students in his hands. Many of the Students, before coming to the University, had been accustomed to an outdoor life, entailing physical exercise, and the study and and confinement of the new conditions were calculated to cause a break-down in health. It was the duty of the College not only to look after the minds of the Students, but their bodies as well. Many a promising career had been wrecked when this important matter had been neglected.

Dr. Cameron referred to other universities where any want of physical development was noted, and a course laid out calculated to eliminate the defects. If Amherst, Yale, Harvard and many other universities had found it necessary to take this course, certainly it was as necessary for McGill. He should like to see, too, in the near future, a proper building provided, well heated, well arranged, and with proper bathing facilities. In conclusion, Dr. Cameron congratulated Dr. Mackenzie upon the splendid results already achieved, considering the disadvantages under which he had labored.

The references to a new building were specially appreciated by the Students. There can be no doubt that the work has to be done under very grave disadvantages.

The defects of the present system are obvious. The instructor has to work in the dark as to the physicial condition of the individual student. In the limited time and with the large number of students, anything like graded work is next to impossible. Lectures, especially in the professional faculties and the Donalda department, clash with the gymnasium hour—very differently to Harvard, where no lectures are given after 4 o'clock.

As for the building itself, besides the inconvenience of its situation, it is very insufficient for the work as it should be carried on. The bathing facilities, a most important hygienic agent, consist of a cold shower in a dark corner. The lockers are antiquated, and afford no protection from theft. The lighting involves the escape of a large quantity of gas every time it is used. The heating by two coal stoves is totally inadequate on a cold day, and there is little chance for ventilation. The ceiling is in such a condition that frequently large pieces of plaster drop, and endanger the men exercising beneath. The roof is so leaky that on a rainy day the floor is covered with pools of water, which, besides the inconvenience when many are on the floor, are dangerous to the health from dampness and wet feet.

A building is needed nearer the University, if possible upon the campus, so that more interest would be taken in the Gymnasium by the Students at large. This is one of the improvements to which we still have to look forward.

It may be stated that one of the events in our sporting life, the Wicksteed Competition, will take place on March 3rd and 6th.

STUDENTS' MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

The greatest Inter-Collegiate gathering ever held will take place in Detroit, Feb. 28 to March 4, the occasion being the Second International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

McGill in all its departments will be well represented, better perhaps than at any previous convention of any nature. This is certainly very desirable. The Convention will have a deep significance from all standpoints, the importance of that word "missions," so often abused, is enough to give greatness to the gathering, for is it not the one thing in the world of greatest moment, namely, the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ to every land where the sun shines? It will be a great educational factor in the life of every student in attendance. Fully forty of the world's most eminent foreign Missionaries will be present to open the eyes of the College world to the needs of those lands "without God in the world;" in addition, the leading men on this continent will also be in attendance,—in brief, the missionary forces of the world will centre in Detroit.

Many will remember the Cleveland Convention of 1891, when only two McGill representatives were in attendance. The interest following the reports of these delegates was wonderful, and we are assured that this interest will be manifold on the return of the present delegation, which is as follows:—

Donalda Department, Misses Seymour and Ross.
McGill Mission Band and Y. M. C. A.
S. H. Mallinson, Arts, '97, Percy Leslie

Veterinary Faculty	H. D. Clark, '95
Medical "	Arthur Gunn, '95
Science "	H. P. Archibald, '97
	J. A. Stevenson, B.A. Sc.
Wesleyan College	C. A. Sykes.
Congregational College	R. G. Watt.

This large delegation is almost entirely due to the visit of Mr. Lawrence Hunt, who appeared before the students in the interests of the Convention. His enthusiasm and wisdom have been rewarded, and McGill will not be the losers.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE BUILDING.

Our thoughts run in this direction from the fact that the last few days have brought a letter from Mr. J. W. McOuat to the man who had audacity enough to introduce the "first motion" to build. This was in 1885, and Mr. McOuat adds that he and others "were positive in our convictions that it was then even a necessity and possibility to build." The faith of these few of "former generations" is most encouraging, but there is certainly a tinge of disappointment in that, while the Association in its present numerical strength has considered it "a necessity and possibility to build," that the building is not yet occupied. Nine years since the inaugural step was taken, yet no building! Shall the present generation of Students have the privileges of the Association Home? We believe they *can* answer the question in the affirmative, *will* they?

The special meetings conducted in the city should have a very decided influence on our work. Many Students have received new aspirations and great inspiration to be and do something; let these incoming blessings find an out-going influence.

The following programme will be carried out in our meetings :—

FRIDAY, 7.15 P.M.

March 2—Christ our example,
Leader, A. B. Newcombe, Sc. '97.

" 9—Christ our strength.
Leader, A. R. Ross, Arts '97.

SUNDAY, 2 P.M.

March 4—The claims of Jesus Christ upon men.
Speaker, A. Mahaffy, B.A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, Feb. 8th, 1894.

Editor McGILL FORTNIGHTLY :—

Dear Sir,—Judging by opinions expressed, the most pressing wants of the students in McGill at the present moment are :—a gymnasium, a University club building, and a home for the Y.M.C.A. ; to these might well be added rooms for the Athletic Association.

Surely all these might go hand in hand : betterment of soul, mind and body !

Land is an expensive article in Montreal. The campus is becoming crowded with buildings. It would seem that one foundation and one roof might cover all, economically of course, and I see no reason why not fitly also. Any club tolerated in connection with a University should be one of high principles, and run in such a way as to give offence to none, and to have an elevating and ennobling tendency continually. A building of 4 stories would give ample room, the Y.M.C.A. and gymnasium occupying a flat each and the club the other two, out of which one or two rooms could be devoted to the Athletic Association's offices and dressing-room.

And in connection with the Athletic Association I venture to suggest that as the football season is short in this cold climate, and lawn tennis and cricket for the summer only, greater prominence should be given to skating. Present arrangements are surely unsatisfactory ; a bagatelle of students skate, the rest do what is next best, take gymnasium exercise in close, impure air, or else walk on the streets. I think the showing made by the M.A.A.A. open air rink should convince anyone that flooding the grass in winter need do it no harm, and at a small expense the campus could be made a magnificent rink every winter, where *all* the students, for a very small compulsory fee, might skate as much as they pleased, and many others like myself, who cannot possibly find time to go to distant rinks, might enjoy every evening, between 5 and 6 p.m., a vigorous open-air skate, and it would also give facilities and encouragement to a none too flourishing hockey club. I'm sure the Association would meet with no rebuffs if they went to the Governors and represented the matter clearly, and showed both a need and a way for meeting it.

Yours sincerely,
CECIL B. SMITH.

DEAR EDITORS,

As I transmit my humble dollar, I call to mind the good old times when I was one of yourselves. That was, I think, in 1880, and perhaps you will not mind a word or two of reminiscence from a past Editor of the paper. When I was a Freshman, in 1879, the McGill *Gazette*, as we called it then, was a tiny sheet with a page less than half the size of yours, without a cover, and with less than one-third of the pages, at least one copy of which can be seen somewhere in the Redpath Library. The leading spirits on its Editorial Board, I believe, were Eugene Lafleur and A. W. Atwater. It was the second Gazette issued at the University, the other having died a year or two previous, leaving as tombstone a woodcut heading in the hands of the printer. This little sheet having died also in its first year, several of the students, including David C. McLaren, now M.D., of Ottawa, Dr. Sutherland and myself, united our energies, and started another the ensuing session. We entered upon our work as green as ever any newspaper editors could be,—knowing absolutely nothing of either business or writing for print. Our experience, however, and their lasting practical results have ever since brought me to consider a college paper one of the most valuable of educational institutions, and equivalent in its usefulness to a Chair. Our printers were at first McQueen & Corneil, and I well remember the distrustful and contemptuous glances of the partners whenever we supplied them with the copy, which was invariably short and late. The distressing gaps in our columns and the doubts about our subscription list also caused us rueful countenances. Next year the paper was again started independently, and A. B. Chaffee was one of the business managers. We then recovered the discarded woodcut of the earliest *Gazette*, had a stereotype made from it, and printed our paper at the *Witness* job office. We here perpetrated a felonious "plant" upon one of our advertisers, which twinged our consciences and risible muscles long afterwards. The poor man was a tobacconist on Notre Dame street, who gave us his ten dollars with a cut of a sailor, which was his sign, and counted apparently on thereby drawing to himself the whole of the student trade. On bringing the advertisement to the *Witness* office, we were met by a regulation forbidding the issue of any advertisement of liquors or tobacco from any part of the establishment. We were at first nonplussed ; but, loth to forego the ten dollars, finally induced the foreman to print the sailor and the advertiser's name and address, without any indication whatever of his goods or occupation. He never seems to have seen the paper, and as we had his money, we looked upon ourselves as successful highwaymen.

Next year the journal was entirely set on foot by Chaffee and myself, who, after starting it, organized a board of editors, in which I remember I refused to let my name appear.

The Board included J. N. Greenshields, J. S. McCorkill, Chaffee and others ; and so successful were we that we expended the surplus at the end of the session upon a large photographic group of our noble selves, a copy of which I still preserve.

The experience gained in all this has been of great use ever since. The insight into what goes on behind a newspaper was alone an education. The business of organizing and meeting the monetary needs was also very instructive. It was something to learn how to handle copy and proof, and learn what will or will not do. And the journalistic facility then acquired has since come in handy for many and varied public, private and business objects. I trust a University paper will never again cease to be issued at McGill, and even that you will soon have an illustrated rival as good as the Harvard *Crimson* and *Lampoon*.

One thing I would like to see the FORTNIGHTLY pay a little more attention to is the desirability of McGill becoming a *national* University. By this I mean that it should emphasize the fact in all its teaching, that our students have, both as citizens and in the future practice of their specialties, special duties to Canada and the Canadian people. How much is the average McGillite taught to think of the needs of the community of which he forms part, and of the earnest call which its hopes and miseries ought to make upon him to better them? I blame no one, for no one is to blame; but there is something requiring a change. As good men should belong to churches, so they should be active members of the nation in which they find themselves, and work with it and through it for progress.

The Universities have largely made Germany, they have done much nationally for France, Holland, Sweden, England and Russia, they are the hope of United States in its threatening problems: shall they be centres of clearly-marked plan for the betterment of Canada?

How soon is McGill to become a national University? A single Canadian lecture in his subject by each professor per annum would do a great deal towards it, and discussion among students still more.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mr. H. C. Morgan, formerly of the Class of Science '96. The state of his health obliged Mr. Morgan during the summer to go to the Pacific coast, whence, a few days ago, came the sad news of his death. He was highly esteemed by all with whom he came in contact.

At a meeting of the Second Year, on the 20th ult., resolutions were passed expressing a deep sense of the loss which the class had sustained in Mr. Morgan's removal, and tendering the heartful sympathy of his former class-mates to his bereaved friends.

Prof. McLeod presided at the last Students' meeting of the Can. Soc. C.E. Mr. Pitcher, '94, read an interesting paper on "The Equipment of a Street Railway Power House." An unusually large number took part in the subsequent discussion.

SOCIETIES.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular meeting was held on Friday evening, February 23rd, with the President, Mr. Lambly, in the chair. Mr. Hopkins was appointed critic and Mr. Dyer reporter.

The routine and extraordinary business was promptly dispatched. The President drew attention to the fact that the next meeting was a special one. Mr. P. T. Lafleur, M.A., had kindly consented to deliver the annual lecture to the Society on that occasion. All those who had attended any of the courses of lectures given by Mr. Lafleur were sure to be present.

A motion was made that the President and two other men be appointed to advertise the lecture which is to be delivered next Friday, March 2nd. Mr. Cleland was first on the programme for a reading, but sent in an apology for inability to attend, which was accepted with regret. Mr. Hopkins gave "Daisy Belle," the audience joining in the chorus. This song was in good taste after the serious thoughts of the previous few minutes; an *encore* was requested but not given. Mr. Hanson read an "Essay on the Tenure of Property," which gave many interesting facts clearly and in good style, leading up to the Feudal System in England.

The debate proper now commenced.

The subject discussed was:—"Resolved, that the English Revolution of 1688 did more to promote the growth of civilized nations than the French Revolution of 1789." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. H. Young, E. E. Howard of Arts '95, and Mr. MacLeod of Science '97. Those on the negative were Mr. Dickson of Arts '94, Mr. Sutherland of Arts '95, and Mr. C. Howard of Arts '97.

The debate was well contested, and the affirmative won by about five to one, when it came to the vote. The affirmative brought up more points and attacked the argument of the negative more forcibly than their opponents did.

The critic, Mr. Hopkins, spoke well of nearly all the speakers in the debate.

He praised Mr. Young for clearness, Mr. Dickson for deep thoughts, Mr. E. E. Howard also for deep thoughts and spoke of his big stories and insincerity. He praised Mr. Sutherland for eloquence, Mr. MacLeod for good points and good preparation, and lastly Mr. C. Howard for eloquence. The meeting then closed after an enjoyable evening.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

On Thursday, February 15th, the joint meeting of the Alumnæ and Delta Sigma societies took place. The guests of these societies were the wives of the Professors and the members of the Women's club. One would hardly have recognized the theatre, transformed as it was into a drawing-room of a very literary and scientific aspect.

Miss Robbins, the president of the Alumnæ, presided, and in a few well chosen words welcomed the guests,

and gave the object of the meeting, which was to promote a feeling of union between the graduates and undergraduates, and also between these as a body and all those who have at heart the highest interests of women.

Miss Campbell then read a paper on "Magazine Literature," which was listened to with great attention. A debate followed, as to whether the Miser or the Spendthrift was the most injurious member of society, which the Misses Reid, Derick, Warner and Pindar took part.

Miss Reynolds gave the triumphant scene from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," and was pronounced by all to be a perfect "Portia." Refreshments brought a very pleasant afternoon to a close, and the Alumnæ and students, who for the first time had worked together, parted with the wish that their joint meeting might be the first of a series of annual meetings, which would prove a source of benefit to all "Donaldas."

McGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

A lecture on "Medical Ethics" was delivered by Dr. Jas. Stewart, Professor of Medicine, to a large assembly of Medical students on the evening of Feb. 10th.

In opening, the Doctor pointed out that it would be impossible, in such a lecture, to touch upon more than the broadest principles which serve to guide the conduct of the medical man in his relations to his patients and to his fellow-practitioners.

The real reason for the existence of the Medical Code of Ethics was pointed out, and the necessity of governing one's actions in strict accordance with its principles very strongly impressed upon those about to graduate, in order to the elevation of the standing of the profession. Much advice of a very practical nature was given as to the honorable means to be employed in building up a practice, one's behavior in consultations, and in regard to the all-important matter of charging for advice or services. The different classes of quacks also received attention, and the course to be adopted when brought in contact with any of them clearly defined. Many other very important subjects were dealt with during the course of the lecture, all combining to render it a particularly interesting and instructive one throughout. No one could listen to the lecture without profiting greatly by it, and the Society is deeply indebted to Dr. Stewart for his kindness in bringing the matter so forcibly to the attention of its members.

At the conclusion, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Stewart, to which he briefly replied.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Regular meeting was held in Lecture room of the Veterinary Faculty, 6 Union ave., Wednesday evening, 21st inst., President Adami occupying the chair. After reading of the minutes and transaction of business, communications from Dr. Rowat, Santa Barbara, Cal., and Dr. Brainerd, Memphis, Missouri, were read.

The Essayists of the evening were Messrs. Lally, Moore and McAlpine, presenting interesting topics, which were discussed by the members of the Association, as well as interesting remarks made by the President.

The meeting was well attended by its members, and finally adjourned for two weeks.

WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?

NOTE.—Items for this column must be in the hands of the Editor by 7.30 P.M. on Saturday.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2ND.

Y. W. C. A. Prayer Meeting. East Wing, 5.05 p.m.
Wesleyan Literary Society. Ferrier Hall, 7 p.m.
Y. M. C. A. Prayer Meeting. Arts Building, 7.15 p.m.
Literary Society. Lecture by P. T. Lafleur, M.A., 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3RD.

Competition for Wicksteed Medals. Gymnasium, 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4TH.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting. City Association Building, 2 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH.

Competition for Wicksteed Medals. Gymnasium, 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7TH.

App. Sci. Glee Club. Engineering Building, 5.30 p.m.
Veterinary Med. Society. 6 Union Ave., 8 p.m.
Editorial Board. Fraser Institute, 7.30 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9TH.

Y. W. C. A. Prayer Meeting. East Wing, 5.05 p.m.
Wesleyan Literary Society. Ferrier Hall, 7 p.m.
Y. M. C. A Prayer Meeting. Arts Building, 7.15 p.m.
Annual Meeting of McGill Glee and Banjo Club, 7.30p .m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10TH.

Editorial Board. Fraser Institute, 7.30 p.m.
Medical Society. Medical Building, 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11TH.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting. City Association Building, 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14TH.

App. Sci. Glee Club. Engineering Building, 5.30 p.m.
Classical Club. East Wing, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15TH.

Delta Sigma Society. East Wing, 4 p.m.
McGill Mining Society. Old Science Building, 8 p.m.

At a meeting of the four years on the 19th, several amendments to the constitution of the Applied Science Undergraduates Association were adopted. The amendments are designed to place the finances of the Association on a better basis. Mr. H. P. Archibald,'97, was elected to represent Science at the Detroit Convention.

CLASS REPORTS.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

Just as men have been known to sit calmly on the summit of a crater, wholly unheeding the internal struggles that may at any moment result in an outburst that would scatter their remnants all over the surrounding country, just as the people of Pompeii, who thronged their great theatre, bent only on pleasure, were in blissful unconsciousness of the terrible catastrophe that was suspended like the sword of Damocles over their heads, so in like manner has the Faculty of Law gone on as usual without having the faintest idea of the narrow escape it had from being shaken to its very foundations by a deep laid plot concocted by desperate characters. As your reporter was going up to lecture the other day, he came upon the group of conspirators, when he heard the following :—

"Faix, an' they bees goin' to give us the Exam. in Procadure on Saint Patrick's Day, are they ? Ah, it's always the way here ; poor, long sufferin', down-trodden Ireland recaivin' another smack in the face. Civil Procadure, do they call it ? Begorra ! me boys, to my thinkin' it's the most uncivil procadure that oi ever heard of."

Here the speaker's voice was for a moment lost amid cries of "Ireland forever !" "Bully boy, St. Patrick !" "The Irish contingent won't be walked on !" But like a leading voice in the chorus of execrations could be heard the continuations of the orator's speech :—

"Phat are we goin' to do about it ? We can't be talkin' here till the cocks crow, and anyway what's the use in spendin' our time with Whalen and gnashin' of teeth. Bedad, boys, we'll do as our grand ould ancestors did when Brian Boru was alive. W(e) alshall rise in our might and protest for all we can, and then perhaps the question will Don-a hue which we'll be less obnoxious to boys of Ould Ireland. But the Dev'lin it all is that I had got a job to roide a big white horse in the procession which was to be decorated with green ribbon."

Just at this point someone noticed the reporter, and the conference was brought to an abrupt termination.

Talk about your sharpshooters and rifle practice, but some of our Law students are practising at the "butts" in a way which cannot fail to arouse the ardor of our military confrère.

The butts used are termed "Rosebudasbestos."

At a recent Faculty meeting Mr. Donahue, '96, was appointed on the Editorial staff of the FORTNIGHTLY, and Mr. Devlin, '95, on the Business Board.

It might not be a bad idea to institute "summer session" in connection with the Law Faculty, when the rather numerous overdue lectures could be delivered, instead of having them piled on our shoulders at a time when every spare hour is of importance in view of the coming exams.

"Which do you prefer," said a facetious lawyer to a rustic cousin, "Mare Librum or Mare Clausum ?" "I don't know those 'ere young ladies," was the reply, "but Marie Simpson is good enough for me."

Paradoxical as it may seem, many Freshmen are admitted to the Bar before they complete their First year.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

A marked increase in the attendance at morning prayers has been the result of changing the hour from noon to 11 a.m.

Miss Ross, '97, has been chosen to represent the Y.W.C.A. of McGill at the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, to be held at Detroit from February 28 to March 4. It is extremely gratifying to all to be assured so sincerely by Miss Ross that she is delighted at having been allowed to accept the honor of representing us at the Convention. We consider ourselves happy in the choice we have made, and can only hope that the change of air and scene will prove a help to her when making up for lost time after her return.

The Donaldas wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Arts men for the courtesy extended to them in the matter of the Conversazione on Friday evening.

What is the difference between a stony stare and a copper glance ? Ask our Third Year Mineralogist.

Innovations in the Donalda prayer meeting. On the notice-board : "Prayer-meeting at five o'clock. Each one is requested to bring a student."

N.B.—Theologs, we suppose, would be preferred.

Oh, that the students in Mineralogy (of the Third Year) were all men, that they might receive equal attention.

ARTS, '97.

If the opinion of the guests is of any weight, the First Year Lunch was a great success.

At 12 o'clock, on Friday, we were ushered into the Third Year Class-room, the scene of many a similar festivity, and shown to our places at a table tastefully decorated with flowers,—red, white and green being the prominent colors. The menu cards were duly admired. They bore the McGill crest in green, and were written in green ink, the following quotation appearing on the cover :—

"Up ! up ! my friend and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up ! up ! my friend and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"

The speeches were by no means the least interesting part of the programme. We must congratulate the members of the First Year upon their powers of oratory. Several of the toasts were decidedly original, among them :—"The Calendar,"—"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark," proposed by Miss Shaw in a most amusing manner. Miss Holden responded with witty remarks at the expense of the calendar. Miss Young proposed a toast to the Queen :—"I would applaud thee to the very echo that should applaud again." Miss Cameron replied in a patriotic speech, and in an equally loyal manner, to "McGill." The representatives from the other Years were Miss Ogilvy, Miss Watson and Miss Hammond, who expressed the good wishes of their classmates, and wished Arts '97 every success throughout their college career. "The benevolent junior" gave some good advice, which we hope was appreciated. Great amusement was caused by the following quotations :—"What man dares I dare," for the Second Year, and "How fresh and green we are," First Year.

After a toast to the President, all gathered round the piano, and a pleasant half-hour was spent in singing college songs, closing with God Save the Queen, as the inexorable gong demanded our attention elsewhere.

LEAVES FROM A FRESHMAN'S DIARY.

MONDAY.

Work very pressing, but a due regard for that precious jewel Health has always restrained me from excesses, and I trust ever shall. Moreover, I was not made for the drudgery of tasks. The poetic fire burns within me.

Mem.—To tell my mathematical professor that I do not possess the geometric faculty. He seems to expect deductions of me. How little discernment have these men whose brains are but masses of fact !

TUESDAY.

Have been told that I lack accuracy. Never. Let me transcribe what I have even now been studying. It has been a blow to my childish belief—but truth, truth before all—"Siren,—a genus of pennibranchiate batrachia, of eel like form, but having two small weak limbs on the fore part of the body. Each foot has four toes. The vertebræ of the tail are compressed and gradually diminish in size to its tip."

Wonderful light does science shed on Mythology.

FRIDAY.

To make a speech in public :—How shall I ever do it? Away my books. How bring the thoughts to ordinary work at such a time?

MONDAY.

The great day is over. Our luncheon has been called a success and *my* speech was applauded ! Back now to the commonplaces of Virgil and Molière.

WEDNESDAY.

Resolved to work more steadily. Frivolities must be given up. Four afternoon teas a week, Saturdays excepted, shall be my meagre allowance. Two hours daily at the rink will hardly keep this body in health ; but what of that, the mind is the gainer.

THURSDAY.

Did I write the above? Oh, fond and foolish dreamer ! Let me regret such words and cheat the ready physician. This night let my phrase-book languish while my feet tap waxed floor. The hour is here. Away !

ARTS NOTES.

Those who had entertained the most sanguine expectations respecting the Arts Conversazione were wholly satisfied with the result. The experiment was in every respect a decided success, such a success, indeed, that it looks as though the Faculty Dinner of the Artsmen were a thing of the past. Everybody, even the Freshmen, notwithstanding the fact that some of the young ladies were cruel enough to refuse to accept their apologies for failing to "turn up" for the first promenade, passed a most enjoyable evening. The greatest praise is due to the committee who labored so faithfully and so successfully to have the arrangements perfect.

We have received a note asking us to warn the fair damsels, who greeted the class in Elocution with a shower of chalk the other day, of the danger of such an act of hostility.

The following advice may be taken to heart by some of *our* Freshmen : Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth, that thou mayest be solid in thy Senior year.

At a meeting held on Wednesday, Feb. 21st, the Artsmen passed a resolution endorsing the memo, submitted to the Students in the different Faculties by the Athletic Association. There is every prospect that the new basis of government suggested by the Association will be adopted by the University next session.

Who says the fashions are not changing ? Why ! a Freshy was seen actually parading our classic halls with his lily-white hands in a muff.

Notman took a photograph of the reading-room committee on Saturday last.

The men attending the classes at the Gymnasium who are going to compete for the medals at the end of the session have been formed into a special class. It is expected that the contest will be exceptionally close, as the class includes some of the best trained men McGill has turned out for years.

Several of the Class of '95 made collections of plants during last summer's vacation. Three or four of these collections have been entered for the prize offered for such work. The announcement of the award will be awaited with much interest, for all the collections entered are unusually large and have been prepared with special care.

The Literary Society expect a treat on the 2nd inst. No one should fail to hear Prof. Lafleur's lecture.

The Students of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Years at a recent meeting passed a resolution, in which they declared their hearty approval of the stand taken by the 4th Year in the Valedictory affair.

The annual scrap between Arts and Science of '97 was nothing to that of the past week. It is to be deplored that these scraps have been somewhat frequent of late, for much valuable time is thus lost.

We are pleased to hear very gratifying reports from another of our affiliated colleges. St. Francis College, Richmond, under the wise rule of its able and popular Principal, Rev. Mr. Tanner, is having a very prosperous session this year. There are no less than nineteen undergraduates—three in the second year and sixteen in the first year—besides a large number of students in

other departments. Many of our students claim St. Francis College as their early home, and we are pleased to see that there is every likelihood of many others following them to McGill.

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

On the 13th inst., at a meeting of the Four Years, held to ventilate the subject of ventilation, the four presidents were elected to interview the Faculty on the subject. The Students have to put up with serious inconvenience and even detriment to health, in being obliged to take lectures in stuffy rooms, and it is to be hoped that in the future some adequate provision may be made to get purer air in the class-rooms.

A meeting of the Four Years was held on the 15th inst., to discuss new regulations for the Athletic Association. Mr. F. E. L. Johnson read an outline of the changes that were proposed, to the effect that a compulsory annual fee be exacted from all Students by the University authorities, and out of this revenue all expenses for the different clubs and for preservation and improvement of the grounds be met. A petition to the Faculty advocating this improvement is now going the rounds, and is being largely signed.

When one gets a blow on the eye, can it be rightly called a *sick-light-is*?

Cobbs: "Say, Nobbs, where did you get that cold?"

Nobbs: "Well, you know, the sleeping-car was so wretchedly draughty the other day, that I got the grippe."

Cobbs: "Oh, ah; a sort of *pullman-airy* trouble, I presume."

A few of the Final men have been interviewing Dr. Cameron recently. It does not appear as yet whether they or the genial doctor got the worst of the encounter.

Dr. Aylen is now recovering satisfactorily.

A physician, boasting of his great knowlege of his profession, said that he never heard any complaints from his patients. Some wit replied:—"Very likely, Doctor, for the faults of physicians are generally buried with their patients."

A country practitioner was roused one night by a violent knocking. Hurriedly dressing himself, he went to the window, and called out: "What do you want?" "I want to stop here all night," was the reply. "Well, stop there," replied the doctor as he crept back to bed.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

It is reported that the members of the graduating class are having a composite photograph. As in the case of the freshies it will be a question of the largest moustache.

O.E.S.W.—"Help! I'll be drowned! I can't touch bottom."

Onlooker (in great surprise):—"Why, it's only 5 feet 0 inches deep there."

The Arts class of '94 are still in need of a valedictorian. Perhaps one of our irrepressible freshies would fulfill the requirements. Good recommendations for wind and staying-power guaranteed.

We learn with surprise and delight that some of the Electrical Engineering students of the Fourth Year have succeeded in producing a straight line. With such productions as these, in truth, our Faculty must become world-renowned.

"Loss of head due to discharge" was the way a Fourth Year man put it, when L—— pulverized all former records across the Hydraulic Laboratory, in order to get out of the way of the 3 inch jet.

Anyone with an eye for the beautiful (in a liquid state) cannot do better than look into the wonderful kaleidoscope which sundry members of '95 have devised in the testing lab.

"Are you an Arts or a Science student?" asked the young lady at Notman's.

"I am Professor L——" was the crushing reply.

Several members of '94 indulged in their annual "wash up" the other day. Such drastic measures are particularly desirable towards the end of the year, and a marked improvement is noticed.

A wonderful moral reform wave seems to be sweeping over the Freshmen. Tickets for Mr. Fay Mills' meetings were in great demand at $1.00 apiece a few days ago. We rejoice to learn that some prominent members of '95, who were hitherto (unjustly) supposed to have been beyond the reach of such influences, have joined the movement.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

He arranges his clothes on the back of the chair,
In regular fashion with scrupulous care—
The coat's at the bottom, the trousers on top,
That he at the morn when from bed he doth pop
May lose not a minute, but e'en as with wings
Fly into his raiment and don all his things,
To be off like the wind so as not to be late
For Anatomy lecture which begins sharp at 8.

When Mr. Solandt speaks about "calves" he should be more clear as to his meaning.

'Tis the church bell in the steeple,
That to worship calls the people.
But the church *belle* in the choir
Is what we worship when we spy her.

Mr. Harry Clark has been elected to represent this Faculty at the Y.M.C.A. Convention in Detroit.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. John Greer to our ranks once more after his long illness.

Given a jack-knife, handsome Harry soon betrays his nationality.

In answer to the many kind enquiries about "that dawg," the "committee" are pleased to report that he still "lives, moves and has his being."

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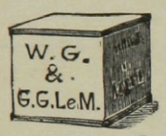

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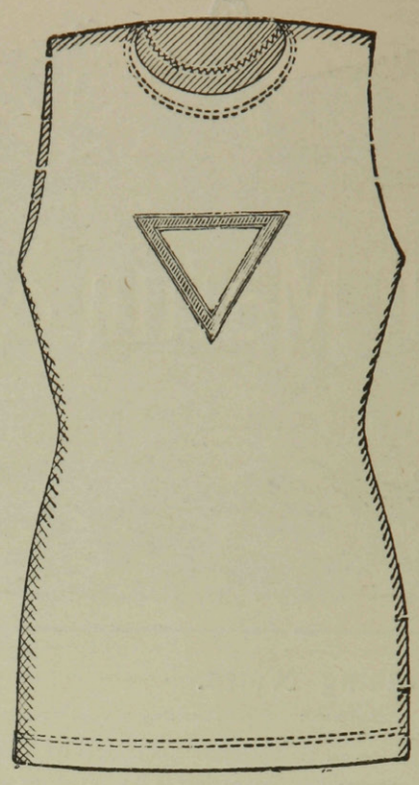

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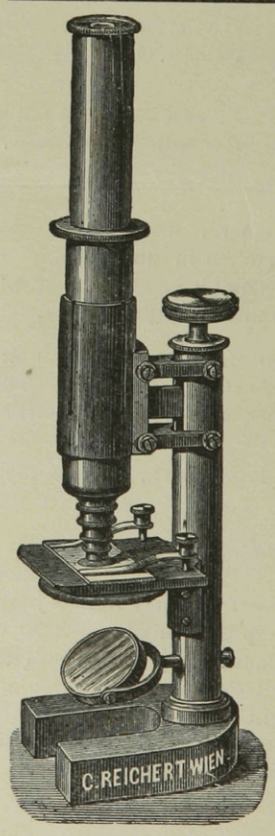

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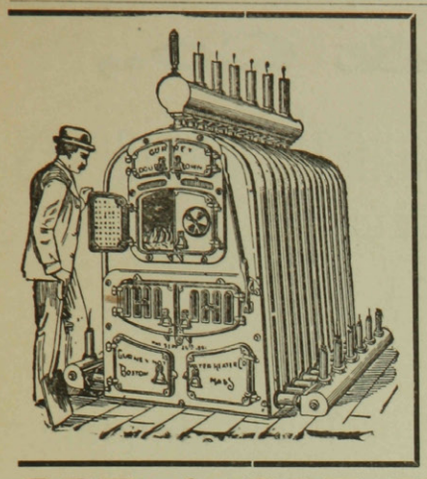

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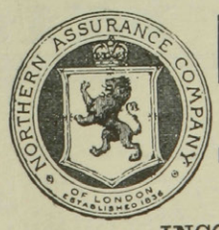

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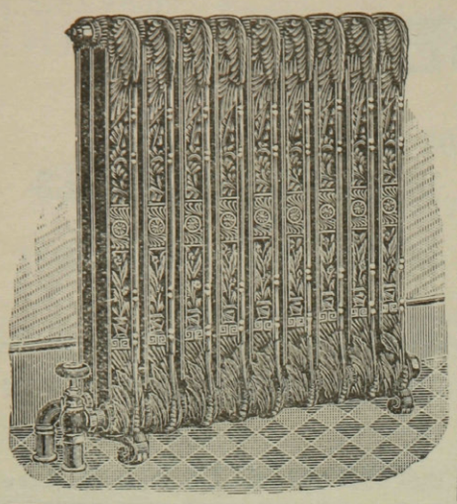

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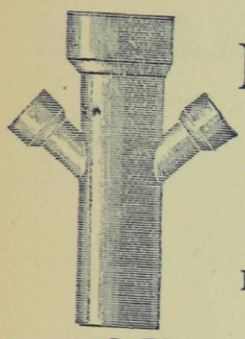

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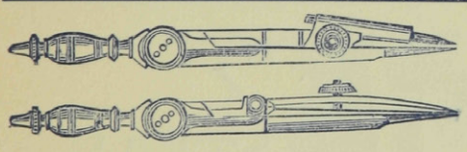

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